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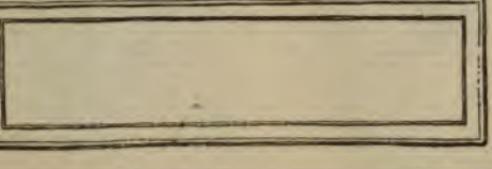
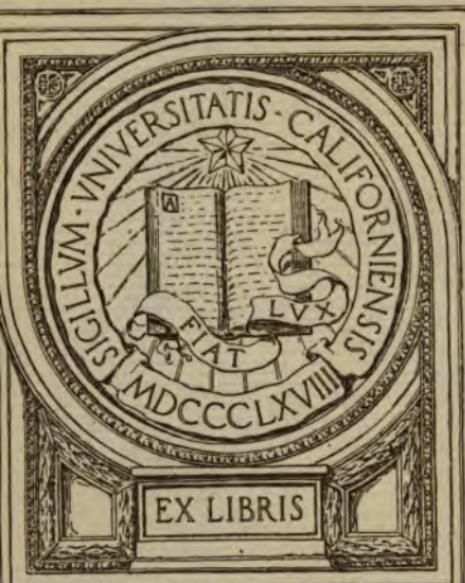
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GIFT OF

Prof. K. L. Leebrick



Williams College.

CLASS ORATION

AND

CLASS POEM.

1867.

Missy
Pic 7

SOCIAL FORCES,

PHILANTHROPY,

CALIFORNIA

WILLIAMS COLLEGE,

1867.

AN ORATION

BY

JOHN M. TAYLOR;

"
AND

A POEM

BY

G. STANLEY HALL,

Delivered on Class Day—June 27, 1867.

NORTH ADAMS, MASS.:

JAMES T. ROBINSON & CO., PRINTERS.

1867.

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UNIV. OF
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SOCIAL FORCES.

Once in an age, says a classic legend, the genius of ancient Athens comes, and standing for a sorrowful hour in the shadow of the Acropolis, watches with tearful eyes for some sign of re-kindling life; heroes and sages sleep on, their dust heaves not, and no responses rise from the shrines of silence. Another spirit waits to-day,—not the tokens of resurrection, not the oracles of mythologic gods long fled from the crumbling altars, but the prophetic words of a living inspired priesthood interpreting the language of a progressive era. The light of these latter days falls on another Parthenon grander than the massive memorial of Attic skill—the peerless temple which the master architects of twenty centuries have wrought. No Pallas mailed for battle, or divine Appollo plead alone the nobility of art, but historian, poet and philosopher engrave on lasting tablets the sublimest of all epics, the glory of artistic effort, Humanity in Progression. Still that suggestive aphorism "Know thyself" is written on the portal, but significant of a deeper philosophy than Socratic or Platonic dialectics—the philosophy of modern civilization. Another song of triumph rises from the Forum, greeting, not the veteran legions of a Marius, but welcoming a heroic exile, the champion of liberty. New emblems are sculptured on the lofty arches, and the solemn chant of the hooded friars breaks the silence in the halls of Jupiter. Weary pilgrims kneeling at the tomb of Mahomet turn no more to swell the ranks of warriors at Jerusalem. The doughty knight inscribes a nobler motto on his ensign, the legend of a purer chivalry—"God and the Right."

THE MIMI A. M. M. A. ORATION.

The cries of a maddened populace fall on the ears of trembling tyrants, and amid the rains of despotism the first intrenchment of liberty is made. Treason threatens the life of the State, hurls itself against the bulwarks of popular government, and dies in the flame his own hand lighted. Ambitious royalty lays its grasp on the heritage of a weak and valiant people and again vengeance nerves the arms of those

"Who strike to dust the citadel of sanguine kings,
And shake the souls throned on their stony hearts."

Thus the august drama of human history proceeds, "The grand epic of which God is the poet, humanity the hero, and the historian the philosophical interpreter." Man is the visible actor, and, like his own restless, changeful nature, the periods of his development are diverse, inconstant and original in character. Strength, heroism and truth are the bold, earnest utterances of one generation; weakness, cowardice and falsehood the shameless stammerings of another. Conflict, stern and pitiless, fills the weary years with anguish and despair; peace, mild and merciful, lulls the warring elements, and nurtures the life of the social organism. One era is radical, another conservative; one religious and reflective, another skeptical and inyentive, each stands encircled by its own products, and passes into the collective experience of the race. Defined in their relations to human interest by their richness or poverty in rational and moral excellence, the ages marshal themselves under one increasing purpose, and ever wait the verdict of the future.

Motion, the law and condition of the natural world, rises in full authority to the realm of intelligence. Onward to the end is the decree to the requirements of which everything must come. Circumstance renders no protection, action governs all. Matter and mind under the necessity of constant movement do not become chaotic. A vital agent regulates growth, imposes method, and gives direction to impulse. Gravitation, cohesion and chemical affinity are ever the same. Thought recognizes the relation, and its phases become definite and intelligible. Uniformity thus arises, the stronghold of rational inquiry, the basis of intellectual progress. Physical, mental and moral phenomena yield to patient labor the secret of their regularity, and farther authority is given to scientific deduction. A fact or generalization forever true and unalterable is the noblest offering of genius to the culture of humanity. Uniform motion in animate and inanimate ex-

istence is simply a result. Some efficient, organic power lies beyond the visible entity, vitalizing and controlling its development. This unseen, immutable cogency quickening nature and transforming intellect and soul, is force. Skepticism masked in plausibility and sophism chafes its finger-ends against the eternal granite of God's truth, and bids men worship the hideous image of a cold, visionary abstraction. Faith, proud in the strength of rational intuitions, and conscious of its relations strips the gilded covering from the "whited sepulchre" of unbelief, and assigns to force its legitimate place as merely instrumental in the completion of a sensible design. Simple, permanent and capable, force urges on the material and immaterial creations and ever acts in definite directions.

Well has the philosophic Humboldt said that "Earth holds up to her master no fruit but the finished man." To this broad truth antiquity bears witness, and in its service the last generation of the race will toil, agonize and perish. Sentient, responsible and immortal, man stands the central figure in the universe, the glory of history, the worth of philosophy, the enduring pyramid around which other forms of being crumble and fade,

"Like the baseless fabric of a vision."

Human nature develops by conflict and association. The antagonism of intellect to intellect, of soul to soul, reveals the highest energies of thought and action. This condition is met in the social state, the unity of human interest. The individual, passing into general truths, preserves its originality and integrity. Thus, society shaping character to a common standard, respects the dignity and value of natural, intrinsic merit, and nothing more. The influences which govern the tendencies of men, urging primarily union of effort, giving law to popular measures, defining the order of mental progression, imparting tone and volume to moral culture, and dictating the management of social economics are of radical importance, and properly termed *Social Forces*.

Mind, in its search for truth ever attaches itself to authority and example. Out of the past, dead in its forms, yet living in its products, the system, vigor and inspiration of the present always come. Experience complete and suggestive, is the inheritance of the ages, and progress never ignores

"The great of old;
The dead but sceptered sovereigns who still rule
Our spirits from their urns."

Antiquity veils the common-place and transient features of its epochs and leaves only symbols of strength, grand statues with the logic of events fixed forever on their chiseled lips. In these microcosmic deductions the history of society is reflected, and the action of the social forces in our own times is made clearer by their analysis. Phidias was more than a sculptor, for his genius transcending the range of art has embodied in beautiful emblems the growth and essence of Grecian character. Greek culture was the flower and fruit of the inner life of man. Individuality was the first love, and its maintenance a duty. The esthetic nature shot into maturity flushed with the radiance of faultless beauty. Science, religion and government, invited catholic opinion and inspired the Greek with the dignity of manhood. The citizen carried into popular action, private principles and a just sense of personal liberty. Civil and military discipline regulated enthusiasm and rendered national movements harmonious and deliberative. Law, the expression of human character, secured every advance towards human freedom. In the firm alliance of public sentiment to liberal ideas of human rights and privileges, and a devotion to liberty in prosperity and disaster, the forces which wrought from barbarism an Athenian civilization, have left the noblest triumph of their power, the best gift of Hellenic culture to the historic experience of man.

Rude plays in Saturnian measure, chanted in the open fields were the prophetic omens of another order of events, another conflict of energies developing the capacities and abilities of a sovereign nationality. The world was a reality to the Roman, as the sphere of his action and toil. To him, the valuable was the actual and practical, not the speculative and fanciful. To live for the extension, and die for the preservation of the State was the first duty and highest privilege of the citizen. The State, with its sovereignty of law and supremacy of rule, the State at home and abroad, he could never exclude from his mind. Valor, wisdom and glory exalt the citizen as they exalt the commonwealth. Whether a Romulus or Numa, Regulus or Cato, Cicero or Antoninus, the controlling element in the Roman's action, his faith in religion, his heroism in battle, his joy in peace was national honor. Love of Freedom urging the Greek to the full expansion of his powers, and the honor of the State constituting the worth of Roman endeavor, are the historic social fruits of the classic civilizations. The veiled prophet of Khor-

assan was accustomed to hide his face from the worshippers at his feet when uttering his predictions. Thus through a thousand years of human history, the voice alone of Truth was heard amid the storms of passion, witnessing her existence, and telling that humanity advanced. Men were the unconscious servants of unseen forces working silently and surely ultimate good from the nameless evils of social dissolution. Phillips has well said that "The track of God's thunderbolt from iniquity to justice is a straight line, and the Church or State that cannot stand it must get out of the way." Society in the medieval ages, shaken to the center by political and moral revolutions, still forced its way to a higher culture, and held fast the vital principles of social growth. Gladly we turn from the pitiable paralysis to the healthful activity of man's best energies bearing him toward a higher plane of intellectual and spiritual preeminence. This condition of progress was the emphatic feature in the era of Elizabeth—an era unsurpassed in originality of genius and innate power of thought and invention, an era of ceaseless action and enlargement of the resources of the human faculties, the era of Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton and Bacon, an era the glory of which shall fade

"When all which can perish of Genius dies."

Thus the forces of society push to the surface of a generation's history some general truth, some radical idea the result of its entire experience. The century just behind us, more brilliant in the light of the preceding period than in its own, and pregnant with impulse and suggestion, was prophetic of the independent creative spirit, which gave new vigor and method to science, philosophy and art, opened new fields of enterprise, and made way for the social agitation now testing the virtue and stability of civilized mankind.

Some central thought controls every individual and national life. This thought in republican communities is liberty, and liberty like charity begins at home. The influences which make the character of our people as it is, and measure the value of the age to the general improvement of the race, stand first in the order of rational inquiry. It is the work of the philosopher to crowd himself through the exterior of society and bring to light the progressive elements of human nature with their modes of action. Another process of reasoning deals with external facts, takes men at their word, and reads from the unerring surface-

signs the condition of affairs within. The latter method is the property of all and becomes more accurate as observation becomes keener and more discriminating. We are surrounded by uniform courses of events, and every circumstance favors analysis and criticism. Law, freedom of opinion and general intelligence give full play to the social mechanism and render every motive perceptible.

The language of the last Olympiad needs no interpreter. It comes to us with a melancholy, a pathos, which while it grieves, still soothes. The soiled uniform and rusted saber which hang by many a cottage fireside stir sad memories and

"Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

Nobler than all heraldic blazonry are these memorials, for they tell of bondage broken and liberty triumphant evermore. Yes, and their meaning stops not here, they are typical of a stern reality, the symbols of a force, marking every epoch, and crushing social fabrics in its iron hands. The logic of steel is conclusive, and from its terrible decision there is no appeal. In the best and worst of causes its authority is exerted, and its liberty of action strengthened by constant use. Argument, too weak to produce conviction, too proud to own its infirmity, passion vindictive, impetuous and reckless ignore reason and give occasion for the arbitrament of arms. Sovereign in its influence and dreadful in its action, the sword cuts a wide path for the civilizations and has just now opened a new prospect toward the mysterious horizon of the future where strange spectacles await a nearer vision.

Every one, says Cervantes, is as God made him and oftentimes a great deal worse. It is perhaps well that no provision is made in this assertion for improving on the original standard. The Decalogue measures, if it does not prevent, sin. Vice necessitates law, and law meets its violation with penalties. Penal retribution accommodates itself to degrees in crime. Confinement and loss of life are the general, legal prescriptions for social diseases. Granite walls, bolts and bars are stong remedial agents and hold out great inducements to labor. The prison is the purgative force of society, and properly the physical expression of justice. The Towers, Bastiles and Tombs of the world have been great educators. Human nature, desperate and cunning, laughs at securities and boldly lodges itself in the very stronghold for the detection of its deceits. In a crowded population,

immorality is wise and crafty in its approaches. Public safety is nominal in the care of guardians shielding in the mask of office the vocation of the criminal. Artful dodgers plunder the pockets of the Brownlows, and Oliver Twists wonder in dungeon cells at the guiles of men. The homeless, the helpless, the starving, fill the institution of discipline, the willful bankrupt, the forger and the "doctors of chances" go scot free. Education must ultimately remove social corruption, but now needs the strong alliance of legal punishment of crime to stem the current of human iniquity ever setting toward the yawning chasm of utter degradation.

There is wisdom in Byron's thought that "Mammon wins his way where Seraphs might despair." Utility is a radical idea in the economy of society. Its legitimate function is the measurement of products by their actual value in the service of man. Confined to this sphere of action, its results are invaluable; beyond it, utility is the flimsy texture in which the smallest specimens of humanity seek to hide themselves. In no respect has utilitarian sentiment been so much abused as in the wild ambition of men to coin body and soul into the semblance of that ancient metallic curiosity—the dollar. A philosopher in search of the motives in human effort, or linguist seeking the unique in literature, can enter the temple of the "Bulls and Bears" and in the guttural jargon of the gold room have every doubt dispelled and every longing satisfied. No scruples harass the conscience mad with love of gain, and no sad plea can move the stony heart of avarice. An essential element in progress, and, in itself, a good, wealth wastes the frame, debases the intellect, deforms the soul, and hurries poor infatuated man to the hungry grave of oblivion, writing for him the fitting epitaph that

"Nothing in his life became him
Like the leaving it."

Limitless in its influence, and rich in resources, this social force carries intrepidly forth to their issue the tendencies of human nature.

The republican simplicity of fig-leaves, would doubtless blush to own its purpose in the autocratic complexity of things which now are plastered, pasted, painted, tied and hung on the outer man. Based primarily on necessity and living only in its slender hold on novelty, Fashion disregards the dictates of comfort, reason and taste, transforming men and women into walking ex-

positions of the products of the earth. The stylish pageants of female loveliness which move along the public promenades to-day are fine commentaries of Goldsmith's lines,

“Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long.”

Not less tasteless and ridiculous are the decorations of the sterner sex, displaying with equal liberality the rounded and shrunken features of the human organism, and necessitating extreme care in the process of locomotion. These modes in dress are, of course, comfortable, elegant and neat; they are also fashionable. Fashion does not expend itself in the embellishment of the person. Its influence gives tone to popular education, and tinges social intercourse with the hues of a sickly sentimentalism. Propriety, like consistency is a jewel and prevents taste from falling into either extreme, vulgarity in excess of ornament, or conceited plainness.

There is a sad story in Venetian history that has moved many a heart, and often employed the poet's pen, and painter's pencil. It is that of an old man grown gray in the service of the State and honored with its noblest gift. He was Doge of Venice. Convicted of treason, he lost his life and suffered a penalty which will endure as long as Venice is remembered. In the spot where his portrait should have hung in the line of illustrious Doges rests an empty frame draped in a pall of black. Marino Faliero's fate was the outgrowth of a social force which calls itself opinion. Individual sentiment, education, belief and prejudice, harmonized by comparison and association become general representative thought—a tribunal before which society is arraigned with the dignity and severity of law. In itself a result, public opinion utilizes all its elements and goes forth to its field of action as an independent agent clothed in the majesty of conscious strength. Patriotism, enthusiasm, fanaticism and justice are some of its expressions. The fagot, stake, wrack, dungeon, and hangman's noose are the instruments of its purposes. Its deep tones are borne upward from the centuries laden with the hero's song of triumph and the martyr's cry of suffering. Public opinion poisons Socrates in the name of virtue, stabs Caesar in the name of liberty, beheads Marie Antoinette in the name of equality, and hangs John Brown in the name of justice. State and Church yield to its imperious mandates and are shattered by the strokes of its anger. Woe to the revolutionist who is not a creature of

the revolution; and to private sentiment that is not a declaration of popular will. Radical and decisive in its action, regal in its authority, and momentous in its influences, public opinion ever leads civilization, and forces into its service the energies of communities and nations.

The accumulation of power on a single point is a historic stronghold of success and method of action. The lever, wedge and pully are instances of this principle in mechanics. Massing forces on the enemy's center is the final movement in plans of battle. Unity of effort and purpose gives worth and stability to social institutions. Society necessitates rules of conduct and imposes regulations for the common welfare. These rules and regulations, in primitive times, simple and transient, become complex and permanent, a system of laws, the vast political machinery of empires and republics. Thus government originates, in the virtue and intelligence of which lie the conditions of progress. Order, culture and discipline are its ends, the statesman its oracle, and genius its faithful servant. The plain theory of republican government is, that the people part with a portion of their natural rights to obtain increased protection of the rest, and these rights thus parted with, are the power of the State. This system renders the citizen vigilant, active and ambitious, and stimulates industry and enterprise. Mankind love freedom, truth and justice, and the institutions which nurture these, quicken the general intellect. Monarchy, cold and motionless, bound in the chains of an habitual conservatism, remains passive and receptive, holding advancement to an arbitrary standard, and stirs its sluggish energies only when the murmurs of awakened millions are heard in royal palaces saying "We will move on." Republicanism, lifting from the dust the interests of the masses, vitalizes the germs and invigorates the capacities of growth, bearing out to a rich and glorious maturity the innate, ennobling tendencies of man. Unfortunate is the people whose government is unstable and oppressive; thrice unfortunate those whose political system is fixed and liberal, yet fallen into the power of men who imperil national honor and basely betray public welfare to resurrect the ghostly anatomy of a defunct party, and turn to bitter curses the glad songs of a nation victorious through years of battle. Political corruption is the bane of democracy, and now needs no comment. Government intrenched by law and custom, affording

protection and encouragement to action is a central agent in the order of social development.

"A gracious spirit o'er the earth presides
And o'er the heart of man; invisibly
It comes to works of unreproved delight,
And tendency benign, directing those
Who care not, know not, think not, what they do."

Such is the humblest mission of literature. Who shall measure the power of that simple emblem—the letter? In its keeping is the order of events since the world began and the experience which shall enlighten and guide the future. It bears on untiring wings through time and space the messages of genuine talent and labor to the marching column of humanity. History, poetry, philosophy and song are its gifts to progress, and its harmonies fill the world. Literature is the organ of general intelligence and in this relation is seen the universality of its nature: It comes to the laborer weary with toil, telling of the scenes transpiring around him. In the fascination of the story, the humor or pathos of the poem, in the wit and sarcasm, fact and fancy of the newspaper, domestic trials are made more easy, and domestic virtues more positive in character. Inquiry is aroused, ambition stimulated, ideas expanded wherever the printed pages fall, and impulse is given to intellectual and moral growth. Popular education is the pledge of safety to popular institutions, and the government is firmest the intelligence of which is broadest and purest. Letters are the property of all, the refined and ignorant, kings and slaves, reflecting images of social life, and are general instructors of priceless value. As in the famous poem of Caedmon, when the Deliverer reascends bearing with him redeemed souls from Adam to the time of the advent, Eve lingers for a moment to confess her sin, so literature pleads forgivness for its error and goes rejoicing to its high and holy calling, the culture of mind and soul. Beyond the diffusion of knowledge, literature has significance and purpose. Its power is subjective and objective, molding the inner and outer life and carrying the whole man onward to higher spheres of activity and advantage. Whether constructing a philosophy from the uniform courses of phenomena in the world of being, thrilling human hearts with the matchless melodies of poetry, weaving into romance the tragedy and comedy of human life, or flooding the spirit with the light of inspiration, literature is the mirror of its age, a Titanic force symbolic of social advancement.

Such, in general outlines are some of the motives and influences which govern society. The features thus hastily sketched are by no means exclusive. In the wide fields of commerce, science, art and morals, other forces are at work in silence developing in new forms of utility, wisdom, beauty and morality the inventive genius of the age. The final analysis of all the elements in social growth must be the fruit of perfect civilization when humanity stands face to face with the sublime ideal of culture toward which it has thus far come. The mind seeking the specific order or uniform results of the social forces is wearied by their confusion and at different periods pursues new lines of investigation: Intellect wasted itself in dreamy speculations until men learned the significance of that simple utterance, "Follow me." These words were prophetic of a new philosophy teaching that there was one force in society controlling all others and one law for human progress. The Bible is that force, and Christianity that law. Truth is the foundation and faith the superstructure of true civilization. Government, literature, science, art and politics discipline the mental powers. Christianity is the life of the soul; its power is resistless, its eloquence convictive, its logic unanswerable. If the Alps rising in cold and still sublimity are the emblem of immutability, the ever restless ocean girt within the eternal laws of gravitation is the symbol of christianity. When reason has completed her noblest work, that work is in conformity to the principle of inspiration. On radical ideas, in social culture, humanity is ever coming nearer to agreement. The harmony will be perfect when thought, purpose, motive and effort recognize the grandeur of that power which transcends all social forces, develops the entire nature, and vindicates the supremacy of man's love of God and God's love of man, in the historic progress of the race.

Into the conflict of forces *we* are this day come. Another ripple is breaking from the green shelving shore to mingle in the wild waves of human passion. Another strain is heard in the grand anthem of the ages, the melody of which shall ring far down the future. Purpose is the earnest of success, and manhood the worth of the individual life. These years of discipline and culture, as they float back into history bear the silent benison of many hearts, and shall stir fondest memories in the times unborn. Nobler impulse none can need than those words which come to us from hero and martyr lips, "I will." Strong, faithful, hopeful

in the lines of action, we take our places, cherishing the sentiment of Tennyson:

"Meet is it changes should control
Our being lest we rest in ease,
We all are changed by still degrees
All but the basis of the soul.

E'en now we hear with inward strife
A motion toiling in the gloom
The spirit of the years to come
Yearning to mix himself with life."

POEM.

PHILANTHROPY.

Themes are vain to charm these moments, for the heart is loud with grief,
And the Muse's chanson, surely cannot scorn the heart's relief.
In the common quest of knowledge, more than wonted ties unite,
And four signal years have sealed us, each to all, in fond delight.
Memory lifts her harp, and wails it, till its tones, so myriad-souled,
Voice with echoes all th' eternal bygones through her scenes of old;
Till now, echoes melt and mingle, in one dirge-note, sadly tolled;
While long trains of bygones rushing from the haunted scenes of yore,
Come as thick as sunbeams, gushing through Aurora's opening door.
Many a time, when all the moonlit air was forming into dreams,
We have wandered, smit with fancies, o'er the fields and down the streams,
Till the liquid lapse of moonbeams, blent the senses, and the mind.
Found in reverie *its* moonlight, a Chamouni, myrtle-twined.
Oft when springs of life were gushing, in our fragrant, virgin, May,
Through our blood we've felt their fullness, keeping forest Sabbath-day,
While the strength of all theseé mountains wedded ours in spells unknown,
While we've felt the heart of Nature throbbing strong beneath our own.
Thus, mid "fairy tales of science," charming well these halcyon scenes,
Our best years of life have vanished, like remembered morning dreams.
And to-day the barks we've builded launch upon life's tossing sea,
While mid chrysoms of hope and memory, present moments cease to be.

Fond, foolish tears force out their willful way,
 Tears from some deep immortal fount of woe,
 Warm from the heart, and melted from the soul,
 In musing o'er days of "It might have been."

Ah! June grows Autumn through the veins, in thought
 Of yesterdays of hope, divinely sad
 As the strong smitten note that breaks the chord.
 The past visits the heart a shipwrecked bell
 On which the surge tolls its own dirge alone,
 In counting o'er days of "It might have been."

Oh, hopeless love! as balm-dews from the breast
 Of Hesper slide upon a parent's grave.
 Oh, wordless melody! when music tones
 Too infinitely sad for tongue to wed;—
 When great emotions, with discordant sweep,
 Jar all the soul's rich diapason deep.—
 Fresh as the sunrise crowns the mountain's crest,
 Sad as the lingering day like incense climbs
 To cloud-life, dream days of "It might have been."

Cease,—such a charming syren is the past,
 That now 'tis hero-wise to seal our ears,
 Unveil the fore-face of this Janus day,
 Let every milestone *forth* a beacon light,
 And make the past our future where it erred.
 Thus fused by secret potency of tears
 We wisely may remould regrets, and hopes,
 And life itself, into one purpose stanch,
 That, with a cynosure of light divine,
 Shall guide these barks safe to a goodly haven.

Bid we then the joys of yore
 Meet us on the yonder shore,
 Where the clouds that darken here,
 Shall forever disappear;
 Where the sunlight blest and sheen,
 Sleeps on hills of living green—
 Close the portals of the past
 On the present, till at last,

Toil and earth be overpassed.
Most we'll smile when best we know
Why joys brighten as they go;
Opening lights from Paradise
Flow about them; there they'll rise,
To our ravished spirit eyes.
Toward the future once again,
Turn we to our duty then,
This,—to love our fellow men.

I hold dying, and not living, as the charter of this sphere;
And the world a reef-set passage, parting joy from nameless fear.
All along, in ebbing eddies, wrecked and stranded manhood lies;
And the wrecker, death, is gloating well his ears with dying cries.
Wayworn, broken-hearted toilers yield them to the current's will,
Till the under-world of silence, rest them with a "peace be still."
Scared by every venom'd evil, loathsome with unseemly sin,
Myriad souls are tomb'd, untimely, in the flesh that hems them in;
Far beyond all stretch of Mercy, death in life, a walking grave:—
While the day-born brood of folly, careless what the ages crave,
Sink in pleasure like a song bird charmed to love the serpent's jaws,
Oh! the sin-embittered Marah, of unknown or slighted laws.
Oh! the life earth yearly squanders, might awake the millenial morn;
And the Nation quails at forethought, while each day new wrath is born.
While the fortune-jilted languish, sore of heart and sorrow-rife;
While the world undoes its portals, hungering for the bread of life;
While unnumbered minds are yearning after truths unkened alone;
While God's image age is broken into gods of wood and stone;
Roars for us the seaward blast, echoes again our natal hour;
When like Christ strong from the desert, we may use heavens healing
power.
All the malisons of evil, with all benisons of good,
Wrestle for the *new commandment*, like old pagans for God's ark;
Love is mighty; and when earthborn, makes the wealth of heaven its
food;
But when lit from Calvary presses manhood upward to its mark.
He whose life flows out in loving, is a martyr for the pure,
A Samaritan to suffering, and a Christian to the poor,
Casts his bread upon the waters, makes the chastening rod to bloom,

Shows affliction that the Saviour in the furnace shares its doom,
 Gives the holy cup of water, scatters smiles, and ushers peace,—
 Deep so e'er he toil in darkness, wears a glory ne'er shall cease.
 Though Prometheus-like he suffer, when earth's sixty-fold is rept,
 Precious sheaves shall show unnumbered how his stewardship was kept.
 When he wears the almond blossom, losing life, he'll find its birth,
 Angel stars again shall sing, lo! *Heaven has stooped to kiss the earth.*

The love of truth,
 All for its own sweet sake,
 Unseals in man an endless springing fount of youth.
 Oh! he may partake
 The wisdom of the spheres,
 As the rapt seraph hears,
 In countless throng,
 The distant choiring stars
 Shout through the ages their old morning song.
 And thus secure
 In his own immortality;
 And made pure
 By the prevailing God-thought,
 From all dross of self;
 When he too unbars
 The gates of flesh,
 He is like one who greets afresh
 The scene of night-long dreams.
 Where all his vision seems
 A glory-smitten memory,
 Spangled with dawn.
 But above all,
 He who is drawn
 To listen at the threshhold of truth's council hall,
 And chides the bustling throng,
 With Horus' only song
 Of "Hush, all Hush;"
 Who loves and burns like Pysche unawares,
 Yet, while he thrills with blush on blush
 At the half silent whisperings within,
 Mingles with men and sin,
 And works as erst he sang,

Full well aware,
 That Horeb's still small voice
 Will thrill the "peace on earth" he must prepare,—
 Is a philanthropist;
 And like that Grecian sage,
 Sitting alternate days in courts of Heaven;
 Who, in an evil age,
 First brought down truth from Gods to men;
 For, like the sun, true wisdom lives by shining.
 Such generous love
 Is Ajax' prayer for light
 Sent from above,
 To aid the hallowed rite
 Of deathless conquering friendship.
 To him creation wakes again,
 For seeming discord
 Spheres itself to a full orb'd strain
 Divine of order; Natures every tongue
 Translates to his, the meanings they have strung
 The ill-tuned earth to; while to hearts that beat
 With kindred transports, truth is doubly sweet.

But the misanthrope, in whose miser'd mind,
 A selfish greed hides what should bless mankind;
 Sick of his human though cachectic heart,
 Would spew it out, and bid all love depart:—
 Like Faust, who, for the all-souled love he bore
 Himself, loathed all the world he loved before:—
 Who seeks truth backward with such zest as one,
 By studying shadows, seeks to ken the sun:—
 Chills social faith, and breeds distrust in man
 And, cursed with knowledge, aids what hell began.
 No skeptic's faith, but staunch beliefs I praise,
 Give me a manhood ripened in the rays
 Of a fond, earnest heart, and it shall prove
 A life of christian charity and love,
 Crowned with the dignity that virtues move.
 The sudden transport, the enraptured heart,
 The homely sympathy that can impart

The rich simplicity our natures need,
Are the fair blossoms of an active creed.

But beshrew alike bigots and cynics and doubt,
Truth, virtue and happiness, *live* all about,
In ways their deniers can never find out.
All crusted with mystery, scaling, by heart,
Hights mind never reaches, where sense has no part,
They ken truth, duty, God, in each various mode,
And are fate-sure of heaven, though far out of the road.
Faith can bolt every error, *affinity* reigns,
And desire make up duty of sensuotis' gains.
For them, earth is all right if quacks let it alone,
Man can light his own way in some free-love's sweet home.
Or, dealers in shadows where forms are required,
They keep sleepless vigils where hope has expired,
Like its spectres, and gloat over folly and crime;
All the world is depraved, and their lives out of time.
Faith loves like a night-bird the gathering shades
For its daylight begins when the sunshine all fades;
Pure and chill are the currents that feeling supplies,
Their devotional life is a long bridge of sighs.
Well society rates those the worst kind of bores,
Who, when called on for beauty, straight open their sores.

Then let us smile, while cheerful song, beguiling
Our winged hours of bliss, in bowers of May,
Wakes, as it breaks o'er lakes of azure, smiling,
Whose dimpled beauty shoots a lovelier ray.

Oh! let us live and love, for we are proving
The creed, indeed, of heeding what is fair;
So we must grow to know what is behooving
The laureates of beauty everywhere.

And all the earth is fair, where spring is wearing
Charms, Art's bavuras lure us with in vain;
Where dewy-fingered dawn is deftly sharing
The choicest crystal beauties it can feign.

Though memory's Autumn hues our trust are trying,

Fair; though God's rainbow, painted in the sky,
 Shattered o'er frost-fringed streams and groves were lying,
 Dashed, in its broken promise, from on high.

Well our theme might count its trophies all about our college halls;
 While the lyre they sprung to echoes, best *should* ring these eager walls.
 He loves truth and manhood justly, who would wed their dignity,
 And th't Alma Mater's *sana mens*, adds the *in sano corpore*.
 Our slow years are lately learning that the precious wine is spilled,
 If the crystal cup is broken; that all harmony is chilled
 If one chord jars; and that flesh should not be worn a Nessus' shirt;
 Nor is mind a leech to bleed us; nor ten-pins a vice to hurt.
 Truth now, entrenched in good sound earthworks, Boanerges-wise is
 strong;
 Two decked manhood, armed and furnished, waits to cruise against all
 wrong.
 All we wish our noble patron who has reared this fane to health,
 Is, to share the strength and freshness, happy days, and all their wealth,
 We are blessed with in receiving, and in giving may he find,
 That the gospel blessing means he shall be blessed with more *in kind*.

Through our land truth needs no pension, but finds free support
 from love;
 Like the Amaranth, springing from the soil of heaven, and thus we move
 'Mong the springs where thirsting minds quaff priceless draughts they
 could not buy,—
 By the love we bear our College, may those fountains ne'er run dry.
 All whose lives flow out for others, sowing seed that heaven shall reap;
 Building on rejected stones, and laboring for the straying sheep,
 Sure are blessed, if seeking only, here, the boon none can deny,—
 Thanks like ours to those whose lives we reproduce and multiply.

Christian charity is richest where the largest evils move;
 Widening social sins and sufferings rouse more ardent works of love.
 Poverty, the grave of virtue, pawns too oft the livelihood.
 Of the soul to save the body; few can martyrs be for good.
 All the world is headlong driving thousands to this gate of sin;
 Cheating traffic hoards what arts from ignorance or weakness win.
 E'en the State whose loose-worn moorings, do our "free and equal"
 wrong,

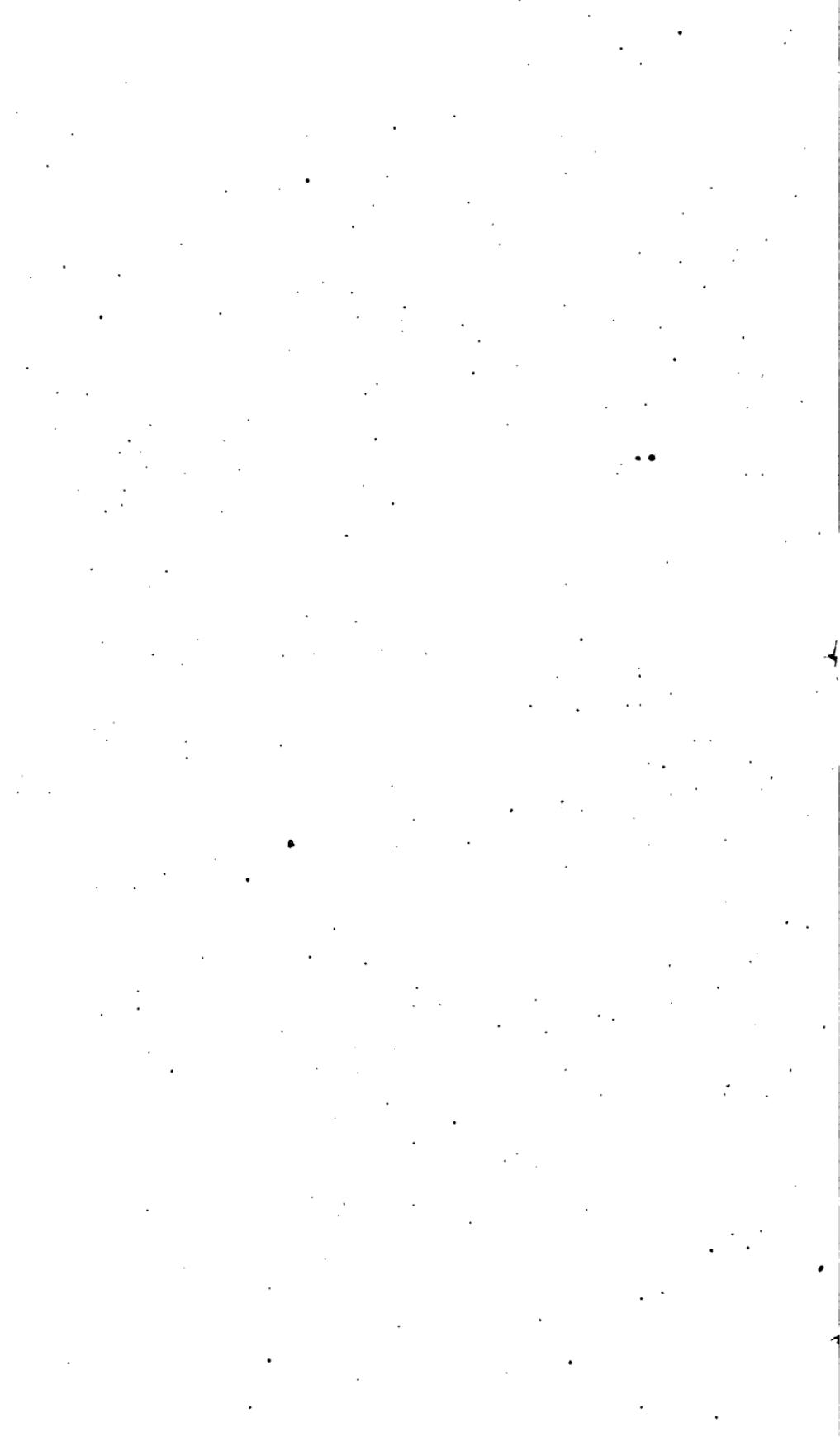
Not content to clear the way, and leave the battle to the strong,
 Entertains some lordly interests, and on others bolts the door,
 And, between trade's cruel millstones, grinds the faces of the poor.
 Whoso tempers this oppression, does all charities in one,
 Others feed and clothe the needy, he makes need wellnigh unknown.
 For where toil ungoaded gathers its fair produce into store,
 Our air gives the blood a friction that warms all to live—and more.
 Poverty's embargoes lightened, there shall kindle into day,
 From that sovereign hour all manhood that has quenched itself in clay.—
 Shall the Muse now hush her theme, nor mark what echoes here are
 made?
 Let her rather proudly hail our strong apostle of free trade.
 Through these long years we have seen him trim his midnight lamp with
 love;
 Till a brighter day is breaking, when the land his work shall prove.
 Well in hand with our great poet, they would make all markets throng
 While each realm and man in concert, toils where *Nature* made them
 strong;
 Their great cause shall waft the nations, where the poet's vision, furled,
 Finds its "Parliament of man," its "Federation of the world."

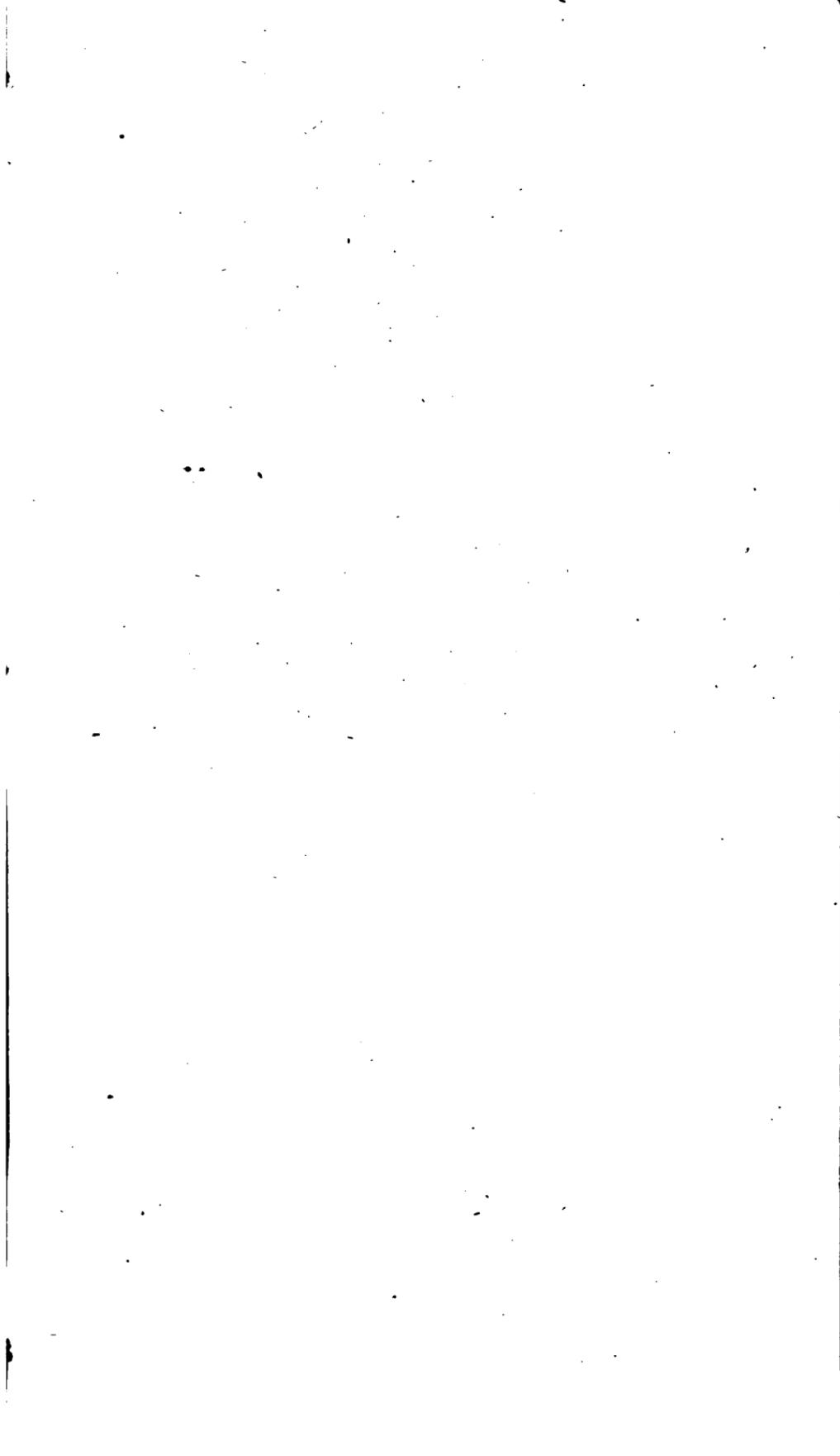
Yet one cause our Muse is wearing, an aureole 'round her brow.
 Seals Immanuel to the faithful, and, to speed on heaven below,
 Builds its home in exile, reaping where the harvest ripens most,
 Paves the darkness for Christ's advent, with the light that sin had lost;
 All the mission spirit sheds its choicest influences here,
 Independent toilers soon shall spread it through its hemisphere;
 While afar, the Cross is beaming o'er the tottering thrones of night,
 And the pagan world at gaze finds peace and mercy in its light.
 Well such holy cause should prosper under his controlling rod,
 Who first taught how love to others is triune to Self and God;
 Shall we wrong thee; though we weakly echo back our hearts in song
 From whose truth, all Pallas-armed, springs many a champion conquer-
 ing wrong?

Yet, all choral chaplets we could wreath for thee
 Would add scarce one leaf to the Amaranth tree
 Of thy large fame;
 But o'er us shall beam with a mild stellar ray,
 Till all crescent stars melt into one endless day,
 Our President's name.

Echoing down the memories of this hour,
The din of battle dies along the years;
And peace in zones of placid azure smiles
Through all her arts, on man no more oppressed.
Love sent its legion angel messengers
To follow justice, and bind up its wounds,
And now, all thronging white-winged charities
Guard new born freedom with a christian heart.
Why! every cannon-peal brought mercy-showers;
Love loaned of heaven, and conquered death and war.
Oh! what an hour for faith, when three years reap
The toll of thirty; when times sturdy bough,
Whereon bloomed all our father's precious hopes,
Fertile by martyrs, and war-shaken, showers
Its slow ripe century-fruit while we pass by.
No partisan *can* love our country now,
For he who loves a land that breeds up men,
Is a philanthropist in being patriot.

But, signal-moments beating, thrilling through our breaking rhyme,
Rally us for parting, with the latest word of time;
Hearts like vesper bells are swelling, with a sad *farewell*;
Tears that haze the future, lend the past a double spell;
May its wisdom brighten o'er us, and, illumining all our days,
Light us on in loving, through lifes devious ways;
While all resolves are quickened to achieve the highest meed
By some strong and mailed purpose, from our world-embracing creed;
And, brothers by a tie words cannot tell,
May love's and memory's wisdom guide us well
Through lifes brief boyhood, to a widening ken,
Till earth's great class-day graduate us, MEN.





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